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Science and the Humanities
Francis A. Christie

Religion as Racial Morale
Charles Lyttle

The Nature and Culture of the Inner Life
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failure to reach the yearned for goal of spiritual power and unstained beauty. Then began the sombre closing movement in which the soul's high desire seemed to be wrestling and struggling with hindrances and obstacles, now losing hope and faith, yet ever rising anew with its own pulsing, insistent, indomitable will to live, until gradually winning its way up the hill difficulty it ended—though still with an undertone of sadness—in a triumphant proclamation of faith and deathless devotion to the great perfection that draws us onward and upward forever.

On the homeward way we assured one another that this symphony in F major by Boëllmann had been a dealing with a reality as undeniably real as the evening stars that glitter through the vast spaces of the darkening heaven and a reality more intimately near since the symphony was a translation into the magical form of music of a period of human history. Obviously it was not an utterance of the light, graceful cheerfulness of eighteenth century composure, the age of the minuet, but of the later nineteenth century society which had been schooled to know the tragic seriousness of life, had read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and listened to the surging emotional turmoil of Wagner's Tristan und Isolde, had seen Romanticism waver and almost perish in the battle with mechanistic science, had felt the besetting fear of European war, had suffered with the masses who resented the iron law of the wage fund, had known forebodings roused by the Marxian threatenings of social overthrow. Yes, it was so. Boëllmann was telling a tale of real life so experienced. He was an Alsatian living in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, sensitively aware of historic life in his time, and withal a devout organist in a Paris church composing music that should express the sorrows and aspirations of the human soul. Boëllmann had uttered in his own expressive idiom what was as strictly real to human experience as anything that impinges on sight or touch, and in our session of rapt attention he had enabled us to reëxperience that reality in a sequence of emotions which constituted a condensed expression of a period of European life.

If now we attempt a true and full account of what happened in that hour, we cannot limit ourselves to the tale of our emotions or our remembrance of a past generation of history. For the production of our experience certain things were required that belong to another order of reality. There was a strangely different set of happenings which we have not mentioned. Disks of brazen metal clashed together. There were percussions of firmly stretched membranes. Tensely tightened strings were made to vibrate by other strings drawn across them. Currents of air were made to speed their wave motions by cunning contrivances of wood or brass. All this was what we call physical. We know of no consciousness or emotion in these vibrant material things. They were indispensable to the music, but they knew not of the music that they served. For the explanation of what was happening in this physical domain we must ask the physicist, the chemist, the mathematician, a group of natural scientists. Ultimately their account becomes a story of the play of electrons, but to get on with our own tale we may halt before that point is reached and content ourselves with the mention of wave frequences, the number of complete vibrations in a second of time made in these instruments. If you heard what you call the middle C on your printed music score, you must understand that a column of air in a brass tube or else the string of a violin made two hundred fifty-six complete vibrations in a second. Possibly that fact seems to you as unrelated to the joy of the symphony as the knowledge that a sound of F above the middle C may be due to an unpleasant common fly beating its wings with 340 movements a second; but you must not spurn such facts. No periodic oscillations—no symphony, no fine emotion! Unless that mixture of gases which you call air is made so to vibrate, no Bach, no Beethoven, no Wagner, no Boëllmann.

The scientist has more to say. The orchestra is complicated. Strings, wood, wind, brasses, drums are all playing together and the mathematician needs a good deal of time to work out the equation of wave frequences for each vibrant thing involved, and certainly we cannot wait for his final equa-

tion which expresses the combination of all these separate vibrations into one complicated sound wave representing the whole orchestra. When that equation is ready he will hand us over to another scientist, the physiologist. This expert will explain to us the mechanism of the human ear and its remarkable power of analyzing that one complicated motion of air into the elements that made it, so that you and I can, if we please, single out the various instruments which were their source. Then he will show us a nerve fibre of extremely delicate and highly organized substance and assure us that the sound becomes a message of some sort traveling on this conductor to nerve cells within the brain. In consultation with chemist and physicist he may argue that the traveling tremor is electrical in character with some chemical reaction, as is shown by the production of heat and carbon dioxide. Something happens, too, in the hidden cells of the brain—but we must hurry on. Whatever it is, it is the occasion for us of reëxperiencing the noble and beautiful emotions of Boëllmann's soul. The whole statement of the matter will mention that the vibrations in the various instruments were effected by men, that men are mammals, that their wonderful bodies—absolutely necessary for this symphony, are engines. At some point we shall hear also that the men, and even their bodies, are engineers as well, and we shall give special attention to the man called conductor in whose mind Boëllmann's artistic and beautiful configuration of experience exists as a whole and is given rhythmic expression by movements of his baton or gestures of his hands.

Obviously, our pleasant hour can only be accounted for by employing a great sequence of sciences, organizations of knowledge, ranging from mathematics to aesthetics. Every one of them is involved. Some of them deal only with reality in the form of measurable quantities while others pass into a sphere where there is mention of qualities, meanings, ideas. In general, we require sciences of nature and sciences of mind or spirit. Nature and spirit—incommensurable realities, yet how interlocked in the whole event! The account of the delightful enjoyment begins with physical entities definitely

numbered as to size and ends with intangible, incorporeal ideas blended with emotion. The location of the point of transit is a delicate problem. The spiritual and the physical embrace one another.

As you see, we tend to construct even the ineffable elations of our being in the form of knowledge. We have an overmastering propensity to know. We are cognitive, theoretic persons. We are members of an august society, the Phi Beta Kappa. Well do I remember the proud day when a little group of us were summoned to the formal announcement of our election to this noble company. We were told the meaning of its mystic name: Philosophy, Guide of Life. Some of us being unconscious of philosophy as a handy possession, it was explained that scholarship was really meant. Our scholarship had earned our admission. And what was scholarship? It was organized completeness of knowledge. If our bosom swelled at that compliment it has long since subsided. We can profess only a humble desire to learn thoroughly. We must frankly admit that a complete knowledge of our orchestral half hour is beyond our scope. The very initial steps are embarrassing to us. When I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa the atom was a simple matter, very minute, impenetrable, indivisible, indestructible. We spoke glibly of them and their romantic chemical affinities. But times have changed. The old indivisible atom became divisible and mysterious. A while ago we were helped to picture it as a miniature solar system, chiefly emptiness of space with corpuscular electrons wheeling round a central nucleus. But six weeks ago in the meeting of the American Philosophic Society (April 24), C. J. Davison destroyed the picture. "The miniature planetary system," he said, "is replaced by a medium continuous, though inhomogeneous, capable of natural vibrations. The fact that these vibrations take place in general in a space of more dimensions than three and that we have no idea of what it is that vibrates makes visualization of atomic processes a discouraging enterprise." In that case I must humbly agree that I have no idea what an atom is, that I only know that it vibrates, naturally to be sure, but in a space inconceivable to me, described only

by a mathematics evolved since my generation reached its limit of mathematical intelligence. And this about the atom is only a skirmish in a great revolution. Not only is matter no longer material in the old familiar sense, but Newton's neat little formula of gravitation which satisfied us has needed a mysterious little addendum, and the once separate topics of the action of gravity and electro-magnetism are made one by Einstein's latest field equation, at which some of us stare with only a sense of

> "Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

Even my college diploma and my pride in the honor of being invited to address this chapter of scholars cannot overcome my haunting suspicion of my state of ignorance. But I may plead that it is an instructed ignorance, the *docta ignorantia* of Nicolas of Cusa. We still pledge ourselves to the pursuit of knowledge, though it be the pursuit of a flying goal, a quest of the ever-not-yet of knowledge.

Singularly enough this situation discourages none of us. It simply adds to the zest of living and intensifies our effort. It opens up exciting anticipations. More marvelous is the world, more alluring to a more passionate scrutiny. For what is happening is not a mere revision of old opinions, old supposed results. It is of far more importance than that. It is a triumphant further development of the method of inquiry, the conquest of new means of discovery. It need not embarrass us to hear that the ultimate elements of the world are inconceivable. Though we mentioned matter so familiarly once, we never knew what matter was. We could only define it as that which moves. And now, it seems, we are winning a more secure method of observing and measuring the behavior of these ultimate elements with the probability of results contributive to human welfare and happiness. It is a new victory of the scientific habit of mind and that habit is one of the greatest of human achievements. To appreciate it we need only turn back some pages of time and consider what Charles

Haskins, a superb scholar, trained in this college, tells of the science of the Middle Ages. Mediaeval men had brains but no good method in using them. Their natural science was much like children's fairy tales, notions handed down from the pre-scientific long-ago, entertaining, amusing, or awesome beliefs accepted from tradition or hearsay without any testing by experiment. But now the scientific habit of mind begins its possession of us even in the elementary school. Even children experiment and invent and have an astonishing technical vocabulary. Moreover, our scientific method of observation, experiment, invention is justified to all by works. If nature keeps a background of mystery, its behavior yields to the mastery of this method and serves the life of the body and the soul. You are already weary of the popular rehearsals of these splendid results. They fill the pages of our periodicals and are chanted over the radio. I should, however, be guilty of ingratitude if I suppressed all mention of them. In a life now somewhat isolated from the press of men, the fulness of the world is yet within my reach. I turn a little switch on the radio. I hear our great President discussing in Washington our national and international problems. I hear the exciting debates of the Foreign Policy Association in New York. I hear a great orchestra perform the noblest works of Beethoven, Liszt or Wagner. And we are promised now a system of higher instruction that will expand and deepen our minds. A marvelous intensification and enrichment of life is wrought thus by those who wrestle with mathematical abstractions, with toilsome experimentations and the perfecting of astonishing inventions. We may forecast a time when the whole nation will find it possible to share day by day in common thoughts and common participation in higher culture and thus become more capable of united conviction and united will. Our applied science may make possible a spiritual nationalism of a type never before known in history, a moral solidarity in which great moral achievements in the organization of life will become possible beyond our present belief. The very title of Millikan's recent book is significant. He wrote of *Science and the New Civilization*. On this occasion when we celebrate the

quest for knowledge we may hail the future which that devotion promises.

Natural science thus becomes the servant of a realm which it cannot express or explain. Its method applies only to the reality that can be quantitatively measured. It applies to the physical conditions of Boëllmann's symphony, but it is not otherwise relevant to the high exaltation that the artist conveyed to the listening throng. For what transcends the grasp of natural science we have forms of knowledge that we call cultural, social, humanistic. Only by an accident in our English vocabulary need anyone hesitate to speak of these disciplines as sciences. Habit makes us limit the use of that word to cases where the procedure is like that of the student of nature. The Germans have no such difficulty. Their word *Wissenschaft* applies to any systematic organized apprehension of data, *Naturwissenschaft* dealing with Nature, while the *Kulturwissenschaften* with reality in which creative human effort is directed consciously to definite purposed ends or gropes its way in more instinctive fashion. Our caution in the use of the term science narrows our list of "social sciences" or "cultural sciences," usually excluding inquiries into man's religious life or those delightful productions of man that take the form of art. We need a more generous term. All these inquiries deal with man; not with man as a mammal, for that belongs to natural science, but with human personality in its various responses to an environment historically conditioned, with man acting out the impulsions and aspirations of his total being. And since we act in various ways according to our divergent propensities; our German contemporaries find a basis for all these cultural studies in what is called cultural science psychology which discusses the fundamental types of human individuality abstracted for the purposes of the separate sciences. These are, according to Spranger, (1) the theoretical man, (2) the economic man, (3) the aesthetic man, (4) the social man, (5) the man of power, (6) the religious man. Our sciences are discriminated therefore according to the predominance of one or another human propensity or attitude. It is convenient then for us to class these discriminated inquiries

as the Humanities. In this broad realm we humans feel at home. We know something of the structural form and action of nature, yet what the elements are in essence we hardly know. In the Humanities we are dealing with our own life, our own nature, our own dramatic struggle to dominate over environment, to be superior to matter, to win fuller life and larger freedom, to attain the freer heights of intelligence, beauty, love. This is a nature that we are and therefore really know, a nature acting with meaning, purpose, values, a nature that may, indeed, be propelled by the urge of the physical world, but is more and more conscious of an activity above and beyond us drawing us to itself.

We who celebrate the great quest of knowledge have grounds for the faith that in the Humanities also a great prospect opens and that learning will show practical achievements. Just as the conquests of natural science rest on the attainment of investigative method proper to the character of its data, so the Humanities will be successful and efficient by the development of true methods of inquiry in their own field. That the determination of method is now a lively interest I may illustrate by the special case of historical study. The historian is alert in this matter. The instinctive procedure of great historians from Herodotus and Polybius to the present day has been critically studied and the analysis has been guided by a philosophic insight due largely to Wilhelm Dilthey's great discussion, first planned as a Critique of Historical Reason but finally named an Introduction to the Cultural Sciences. It becomes clear that the historian has a logic of his own, one that is compelled by the nature of his materials, a logic occupied with what is individual rather than the abstract general. History deals with the movement of human group life and there are successive individual configurations of the historical movement: Egyptian Civilization, the Age of Pericles, Roman Empire, Feudalism, Renaissance, Reformation, French Revolution. A physicist always seeks to reduce what is given him into simple elements and the abstract general laws of their interactions. That is his logic. The historian addresses himself to one of these individual whole

movements of group life, but not to show it as a mere result of simple elements compiled together. Your Periclean Age, your Renaissance is an individualized tendency, localized, original, never repeated, the wind of history blowing where it listeth. To tell the story of it the historian must understand it. And how does he understand it? If he were acting like a natural scientist, he would refuse to consider the French Revolution by itself. He would take together all revolutions, ancient and modern, in Greece, Rome, China, Russia. He would reduce them to separate steps that make a causal sequence. He would elicit a general law of revolutionary process. So doing he *explains* the revolution. But the historian need not do that. He does not explain, but rather *understands*. He understands these great tendencies by what is at least potential in his own humanity. Here are human groups acting powerfully in a given way. Whatever be the character of the action it is a possibility in the historian's knowledge of himself. He has an intuitive sympathetic appreciation of the man or the group. He can put himself back into their situation by this feeling comprehension, this *Einfühlung* as the Germans call it, this feeling back into the current and flow of the past episode, as if he were in the same case and felt the impact of the same conditions. By this sensitive identification of self with the actors he understands how life was swept along that special road. He feels that a unity of meaning, of desire, of value, is immanent in the whole affair. It makes the meaning, the character of the whole and it lurks in all the details. It tells him what the relevant details are. We are all endowed with this historical sense, imagination, psychological understanding. If we do not cultivate it, we are mere chroniclers. We may leave to the speculative metaphysician the question why this or that special formation of group tendency had to emerge from the hidden depths of life, but we will not fail to note that when it emerges it uses for its own direction of movement the processes of man's body and mind. It enters into the causal process of the world, but that process does not account for it. It governs and directs that process to its own interest, making the play of causality a purposeful progress.

The propensity of the aesthetic man may dominate in Medicean Florence, the religious propensity may take the control of Lutheran Wittenberg, but concretely it is always a life of Spranger's six-fold man who certainly must have food, clothing, shelter to begin with and is more or less eager for political power. No one of the six aspects can be utterly neglected. The whole story of any wrestling with the historical environment, the social heritage, must take account of economic necessities and the social structure. A history must always be a synthetic history—the "new history" of which we hear so much. What I have tried to indicate, however, as the historian's understanding belongs apparently to all the Humanities. To quote Wilamowitz-Moellendorf: "to understand a verse, a poem, a legal maxim, a philosophic problem, thou must always transplant thyself unto another's soul, another's individuality." My illustration may help to show that in all the cultural disciplines we are passing from random instinctive procedure to conscious, well defined, and practically fruitful methods. Someone has said that till now the method of the Humanities has resembled the childish absence of method in what is called Mediaeval Science.

We have put away childish things. Every one of our studies is a man's job and the activity begins to be powerful. Think of what training in research will be given in the opulently endowed and scientifically organized Oriental Institute in Chicago where "the seven university expeditions along a two thousand mile front in the Near East will have their headquarters, the first laboratory in the world for the study of the origin and development of civilization" (N. Y. Times, May 25). Surely such a study will have practical results for our present civilization. Consider also the generously supported activity of the Social Science Research Council in its efforts to discover and formulate the proper technique of investigation and the technique as well of expounding and teaching the results of investigation in the social life of man. One instance of its activity is significant. By consultation with more than two hundred social scientists in Europe and America, one committee of this organization has elaborated the scope and plan

of a Case Book in which methods actually employed for discovery and interpretation of facts on the part of great economists, sociologists, historians, and the concepts which they require, are subjected to analysis. Surely that makes for clarification of mind and unification of insight in dealing with man's life. Now also we greet the appearance of a great Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences that may be expected to coordinate and unite in larger synthesis the manifold divisions of labor in these fields of research. And not to prolong the tale unduly, remember that one of our large universities is opening a new department, a department for a complete coordinated study of human relations. Human relations—a title eloquent of our dearest joys and deepest sensitiveness to pain. Explore them by organized intelligence, know them, understand them! Shall we not then have wisdom of control to insure the joy and abate the sorrow? Surely we enter a fine critical moment of our cultural development, and are encouraged to buoyant prophecies.

Close coöperation of divided studies is a new and promising development. It is now international, fostered by the Bureau of Intellectual Coöperation of the League of Nations. Our great danger lies in narrow specialism that confines men to single grooves of interest and thought and competency and impairs their judgment of the concrete fulness of life's affairs. In the actual situations of life, as Whitehead would say, all things are ingredient. Excessive specialism forgets that. The concerting of varied inquiries by committees of the whole means the elaboration of an organism of knowledge and only knowledge aiming at that ideal outcome can be safely applied to the regulation of practical affairs of the body politic. Just as a united group of natural sciences was requisite for the creation of our new means of transport and communication, so a united wisdom of cultural inquiries may give us social engineers for social and political problems. We need experts, but not single track experts.

To see things steadily and see them whole—that is our need. The word see has its significance here. We must not make a dictator of the theoretic, the purely cognitive man,

man number one in Spranger's list of types. The search for abstract general notions and abstract laws always ignores some element of reality and thus artificializes the world as known, diminishing its glory. But there is another man in the list; the aesthetic man. He is the man who truly perceives. He sees reality in its royal vesture, for he discerns it in its organized completeness, all its aspects harmonized in unity. Inevitably he creates another expression than logical theory; for diversity reconciled in unity means some high end-in-itself realized, some mystery of perfection, a nobility of beauty. He shows us the thing in its beauty and the revelation of his vision visits us with a pure joy that is above the satisfaction of the understanding mind. High in the domain of the Humanities we rank the creative artist who shows us truth in the perfection of form, the perfect concord of color or sound, the perfect image and word. He too seeks knowledge and finds it, but for his knowledge he finds his own distinguished language. He is a scholar. Had Shelley lived a century later, says Whitehead, chemistry would have found its Newton. Robert Bridges, poet, was versed in the natural sciences, in history, in speculative thought, and he presents his full knowledge in The Testament of Beauty. George Woodbury in his New Defence of Poetry argues that a poet wins his vision by truly scientific observation but conveys it by imaginative symbols that wake us to the poet's impassioned feeling. Boëllmann's symphony, I claimed, was a translation of thought and historic memory into musical beauty. Poetry, drama, music, architecture . . . in forms like these, says Whitehead, we are to seek the inward thought of any epoch. Sophocles, says Mackail, "did in poetry what Athens of the fifth century tried to do in the whole field of life. . . . The endless wonderfulness of life in its splendor and fascination and unfathomable depth of meaning; this is what Sophocles gives us."

The watchword of our honorable Order is Philosophy the Guide of Life. Whatever else Philosophy meant in the usage of the older day when our Order began, it meant a love of the wisdom found in our heritage of literature and we shall ever cherish the study of those who, interpreting the world accord-

ing to man's higher nature, clothed their wisdom in the chastened beauty that befits the sacredness of the human ideal. And now, when we are fain to predict a new wealth of knowledge and a new heightening of life, let us do homage to those who make knowledge so resplendent and so vitalizing to the best within us.

Religion as Racial Morale*

Charles Lyttle

The opening of our school year always brings back to me the enchantment of autumn in the beautiful valley of Western Pennsylvania where our original campus was located. Old students and new would leave the train at the depot in the valley and then for a mile or more walk up stately Chestnut Street under a gold and scarlet canopy of leaves, over sidewalks strewn with the fallen glory of maple and oak, to where the School's plain but sturdy buildings rose above the massive cedars and elms of the campus on the topmost ridge of the valley slope. A mellow, amber tranquillity lay over the scene; and this general impression of a serener climate, a larger atmosphere than in the town below, was increased by the wide outlook one gained from his room in Old Divinity Hall, whence one could look out over twenty-five miles of roofs and tree-tops toward the distant Western rim of the valley, right into the heart of the sunset. Such elevation, such tranquillity, such spaciousness of natural setting could not fail to give us, as we began our work, many a mood of elevation, serenity, enlargement of mind. We felt as if we were high above the world and able to comprehend it and appraise it to better advantage than in the valley. Perhaps, too, we could with greater understanding and vision consider the new vocation to which we had practically committed ourselves by coming to Meadville. In our School's present location, high far outlooks, like those of the old campus can be had only by closing the outward and opening the inward eye. Such, however, I ask you to do this afternoon so that in a broad way we may look out across the world seeking for insight into the age-long significance of religion and into the value of its ministry for the new age; so that we may better comprehend the preparation we need

*A sermon delivered at the opening service of The Meadville Theological School, October 2, 1931.

in order to be able to convey to our fellows its courage and hope and joy.

For such are the traits of religious truth; that which is not courage, hope and joy in and for life is not religious truth. Religious truth is dynamic not academic; for true religion is the best synonym of abundant life for Man. True religion is more than psychotherapy, more than ethics, more than social or economic reform. It is more than sentimental piety, more than aesthetic ceremonial, more than nature mysticism or the zest of scientific research, more even than mystical revery and philosophy. Of all these phases of human thought, religion is the indwelling vitality, the confluent meaning and therefore it is also the ultimate criterion of their veracity and utility, or of their unreality and futility. Without the dynamics of religion, all human thought becomes mere gymnastics of the cerebellum, hence artificial and often perverted. Without the vitality of its faith, hope and love, all human activity is a slackening, dying routine. But, pervaded and constantly guided by the spirit of true religion, all phenomena of human life, all departments of knowledge grow sane, vigorous, fruitful. Light shines upon and through their problems and the borders of their realms are enlarged. Light arises in the mind of the student when religion prompts his toil, bringing him clarity and certitude in place of perplexity and doubt. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even thy faith." Accordingly, not a field of study in this great university, not a profession for which its courses prepare is as important for the individual student and for Humanity that built the university as the ministry of religion. The new theology of Man restores religion to the queenship of all the sciences which was hers in the days when universities first arose.

It is entirely proper that I speak of religion in such superlative terms even without discriminating in this discourse between religious attitudes that can be proven genuine and those that are palpable deflections from its proper nature and function. From its very origin, religion has implied superlative assumptions, has advanced superlative beliefs, has made superlative claims and used superlative phraseology;

and it has rightly done so. In its most primitive forms its pretensions were superlative, and instead of becoming less so, they have become fairly stupendous as our knowledge of Man's insignificance and of the immensity and mystery of the Universe increases. From the sympathetic magic of Dordogne sculptures and the Altamira frescoes, through the whole sequence of totemism and animism, of polytheistic rites and monotheistic theologies, religion has dealt wholly in superlative ideas and images. To this trait we are so accustomed that we seldom grasp its full extent or its profound meaning. Consider, however, the colossal presumption expressed by the trustful piety of the Twenty-third Psalm. With a naivete that under other circumstances we should pronounce stupendous egoism, the Lord of Heaven and Earth—the Infinite Intelligence and Will, whose outward majesty is to be measured in billions of light years,—is regarded as tenderly solicitous of a most inconsequential peasant of Palestine—an infinitesimal swirl of bio-chemical ferment as transient as, by cosmic proportions, he was tiny. Read the Psalm, having in mind on one hand the incomprehensible vastness and complexity of the Universe as science reveals it, on the other, the microscopic smallness of the human episode, and it appears nothing short of colossal conceit on the part of Man to presume that heavenly powers, the radiance of Ra or the benignity of Zeus or the providence of a Heavenly Father are disposed, even solicitous to assist him, as race and as individual, in preference to all other species of living things, to rise to the sovereignty of life on this planet. Yet with the terminology of such astounding self-confidence, religion is saturated. From the academic point of view, such anthropomorphic, anthropocentric assumptions are megalomaniac to the point of insanity. They totally disregard one stark fact staring out at all piety from the records of geology and anthropology and biology: Human consciousness is a current of chemical ferment appearing on this planet by seeming chance because of the presence of carbon among its elements. This ferment is as recent as it is unstable. The forehead of Man, on which his unusual development depends, became a salient feature only about one hundred

thousand years ago. His sanity and virtue, even his very will to survive, are premised upon delicate chemical balancing which a trifling disturbance of glandular equilibrium or the chance infusion of an alien chemical may instantaneously destroy. Even his primacy in the organic realm is of relatively recent attainment and may be more apparent than real, for still he must fight unceasingly against bacterial disease and insect pests, an upstart on a shaky throne, whose reign is bounded by the Fourth Ice Age behind, and a probable Fifth Ice Age scarcely twenty thousand years away. Such is this "poor, bare, forked radish," who, in the elation of religious faith, thinks of himself as lord, by birthright, of all organic forms on this planet; as the culmination of evolution, as the index of cosmic values and purposes, and as heir of eternal blessedness. Is not such an assumption preposterous to the point of irony or pathetic to the point of fatuity? This view of man and his relative importance in the universe is today presented and quite generally held by competent scientists without any personal bias for or against the traditional religious exaltation of Man. It is, however, a purely objective appraisal and therefore quite as incomplete as if one should try to conceive of a summer garden on the basis of the pictures and reading matter of a seed catalog, assisted by a photograph of the site in late autumn. But from a point of view *within human life,* beside the campfires of Man's marching generations, exultant with the triumphs of the long ascent from savagery, athirst with eagerness for new contests with ignorance, with selfishness and distress—the assumption religion has always made that supernal powers are disposed to assist, and a Supreme Providence to guarantee, the victory of the human species over all other forms of living things, is seen not only to be a prime factor in making possible Man's present ascendency on the earth but also the secret and safeguard of the efficient individualization of human consciousness. Such a service to Man explains and justifies any superlatives on behalf of religion, even to the assertion that its presence at the very dawn of history and its persistence through every phase thereof are signal evidence of Man's invincible genius and noble destiny.

As Emerson very clearly saw, with less light on the history of religion than we have today:

> "'Tis certain that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man and to his highest powers. When there has been extraordinary human performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the soul of Man was in earnest and had fixed its thoughts with strict grasp on spiritual verities."

Such is the dynamic conception of religion rather than the academic; and its insights lead us on to the crowning perception of the full significance of religion, for humanity both as racial and as individual consciousness; a significance that has never been wholly forfeited however fantastic its vagaries, however diverse its manifestations, in all lands and faiths; a significance that reveals religion as a paramount factor of human civilization and personality. Indeed, all definitions of religion hitherto may be esteemed accurate only as they resemble this grander and more inspiring conception presented to us by history and confirmed by science: *Religion is our racial morale. Religion is the victory faith and victory will of Humanity,* the Supreme Person, and correlatively of its constituent personalities. Religion expresses, sustains and ratifies the innate aspiration of Man to empire over the earth and its organic forms, to victory over all frustations of life, to aeonic survival and cosmic dignity. Religion is indeed the sublime and indomitable egoism of the stock of those puny, soft-skinned bipeds who, after struggling through the rigors of the Fourth Ice Age, against the mortal rivalry of countless other species of living things has advanced from a wretched, brief existence of fear and pain to a degree of safe, comfortable, harmonious life never before attained by living beings on this planet. At every step of this laborious, painful, tortuous ascent of our human kind, what has expressed Man's imperial genius and his soaring ambitions? What unique attribute has sustained his self-confidence and inspired his determination to make of the earth a habitable, happy home for the children of Man? What quality within his nature has emotionalized and hallowed his capacity for social unity and

cooperation, has spurred his courage, kindled his pride, elevated his desires and fed his hopes, by spells and amulets, oracles and auguries, sacrifices and sacraments, apocalypses and millenial dreams, covenants and atonement doctrines, paradises and utopias? What other propensity of this singular bio-chemical ferment called Man has so effectively stimulated his mental development by astrology and theology; his ethical development by taboos and hells and decalogues and Golden Rules; his artistic development by temple and ceremonial; his spiritual development by the audacious teaching of suprasensual compensations and a transcendent culmination of all human striving? What inward monitor has whispered to the hard-pressed individual that despite the rebuffs of sin and sorrow and failure, his minute spark of consciousness can never be quenched, but is destined to survive the failures of this life and the death of the body, and to go on growing and mounting toward moral fulfillment? What quiet, inward prompter has assured prophet and pioneer, visionary and inventor that the desert shall blossom as the rose, that justice will roll down as a mighty stream, that righteousness will cover the earth as the waters fill the sea, in spite of their most bitter disappointments; in spite, indeed perhaps because, of their most bitter disappointments? What secret voice in the lonely heart has spoken the comforting assurance that the Over-soul never forsakes the individual, however base or paltry he seems to be, but works patiently and pleadingly until selfishness and baseness melt into nobility and truth? History returns one unmistakable answer—*Religion*. Man's extrinsic genius, Man's racial morale, the victory faith and victory will of Humanity.

> "We are flung by the indifferent law of the Universe into a life we cannot order as we would; we are ravished by injustice, by sickness and sorrow, by fire and flood. Even the happiest must die. In his own home he is but on a visit. He never knows but that he may be gone tomorrow. And yet Man smiles in the face of his tragic fate. In the midst of his thralldom he has created the beautiful in life; in the midst of his torments he has so much surplus radiance of soul that he has sent it forth into the cold deeps of space and warmed them with God.
>
> "So marvellous art thou, O Spirit of Man! So godlike in

> thy very nature! Thou dost reap death and in return thou sowest the dream of Everlasting Life. In revenge for thine evil fate thou dost fill the Universe with an all-loving God!
>
> "Honor to the, O Spirit of Man! Thou givest a soul to the world—thou settest it a goal. Thou art the hymn that lifts it into harmony. Therefore turn back into thyself and lift high thy head and meet proudly the evil that comes to thee. Adversity can crush thee, death can blot thee out, but thou art still unconquerable and eternal!"

What Bojer here says of the Spirit of Man is true simply because throughout history, religion has been Man's racial morale. Is it not clear how essential and lofty a function religion, rightly esteemed, performs in human life? What the inner consciousness of his genius was to youthful Michel Angelo, Shakespeare, Beethoven, religion has been to Humanity. What patriotism is to a nation, what devotion to truth is to the scientist, what his dream is to the artist, religion is to mankind; and just as the unconquerable impulse of genius urges the individual onward from objectives of financial gain to the attainment of eminence and reputation, then to unique ideals of artistic and scientific perfection involving the devotion of every faculty to beauty and truth, so religion has led Man through his various planes of secular and spiritual development, from primitive beginnings to the marvellous techniques of modern civilization, steadying him in success and buoying him in defeat by its magnificent assurances of his royal birthright. To our age religion presents the ideal of a world of human brotherhood, a world homestead of communal prosperity, universal peace and equity, and declares by the exercise of his own powers, by the transfusion of human hearts with good will, by the dedication of human intelligence to racial good, Man's victory faith and victory will can be vindicated. Again the old rallying cry of religion challenges minds and hearts; "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee, only be thou strong and very courageous." "Go forward!" Religion admonishes us. "You must, you can!" Retreat or apostacy from her at once involves political, economic, cultural anarchy, the reversion of Humanity to barbarism and brutishness. That such reversion is imminent and inescapable is today freely predicted by those who wrongly

forecast the future because they misread the past, discounting the service and significance of religion:

"Deathless, though godheads be dying,
Surviving the creeds that expire,
Illogical, reason defying,
Lives that impassioned desire:

Man cries to the silences 'Never!
Shall death reign lord of the soul,
Shall dust be Man's ultimate goal!
I will storm the black bastions of Night,
I will press where my vision has trod—
I will set in the darkness a light,
In the vastness, a God'!"

Such determination to surmount life's frustrations, religion has kindled by many different aspirations, in many diverse crises in the history of Man and of the individual. When abundant life on the material plan is thwarted and starved, religion ratifies and sanctifies the efforts of a group to attain fertility for its fields and affluence for its cities. Of this *secular aspect* of Religion, prompting and promoting material, mundane victory over adverse circumstances, the Jahweh of the Davidic Kingdom, the Capitoline Jove of Rome's iron legions are towering reminders; while every cathedral and wayside shrine of the ages of Catholic faith testifies that the medieval Christian prayed not only for the future welfare of his soul but for present protection and prosperity. In fact, every great world religion has flourished not only because it promised salvation hereafter but because it promoted by its victory morale, civilization and culture in this life. Today this secular aspiration and service of Religion appears in the racial chivalry of all who seek to ameliorate the evils of Man's physical life—in humanitarian reformers, in scientists, artists, educators, statesmen. Often making no profession of theological belief, they are nevertheless straining every nerve to win victory for Man over this or that limitation and menace —poverty, disease, war, crime, ignorance, ugliness. "Qui laborat orat," is their creed, Utopian visions of good for coming generations their transcendental incentive and compensation:

"This is my faith and my mind's heritage,
Wherefore I toil, though in a lowly place;
The tutelary genius of mankind
Ripens by slow degrees the coming race,
That in the soul must its foundations find,
And only in victorious love grow great.
Patient the soul must be, humble the mind
That doth the greater births of time await."

But such patience of faith, such humility of hope taxes the morale of most men more severely than any tangible obstacle, however bulky and frowning. There always arrive for every one of us, for every group and generation, days of utter darkness, of nerveless despair, of self-distrust and cynicism. When for the group or the individual, victory over life's frustrations, material or mental, seems on the secular plane blocked by insurmountable difficulty, as in the case of Israel during the exile or western Europe during the dark ages, religion in its alternate aspect, *the mystical,* sustains the morale of Man by ecstacy and apocalypse, by doctrines of salvation and absolution from sin, by grandiose promises of other worldly fulfillment of the ruined hopes of this world. By the consolations of Orpheus and Eleusis, of Isis and Mithra, of Christ and Mary, by the promised refuge and rewards of paradise and Walhalla, religion has kept burning the sacred flame in the soul of the individual and upon the hearthstone of mankind. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even thy faith!"

By the logic of events since the Renaissance, to be sure, this mystical aspect of religion has usurped the name and largely dominated the study and ministrations of religion to such an extent that its secular aspect has been denied recognition and even denounced as materialism. From this incorrect and incomplete conception of religion arises the controversy between faith and reason, piety and science, theology and sociology, Catholicism and Communism; controversies that had no provocations and no meaning in the age of Pericles or Augustus or of Chartres because in those days religion was treated as a sponsor of objective as well as subjective well-being in this world or the next for its believers. To uphold an exclusive claim to the name or function of religion by its

mystical phase is to close one's eyes to the facts of history and cancel a great part of the services of religion to our racial advance. The secular aspect of religion is as important as the mystical aspect of religion in the sphere it serves. It is the distinction and privilege of the Liberal tradition that unites us to recognize this parity of worth and truth; to study each aspect of religion, the secular and the mystical, tolerantly and appreciatively; to regard as comrades in religious endeavor the humanitarian and the scientist, as well as the mystic and the theologian; to envisage the Liberal church in the community as a dynamo of social morale for every endeavor for the wellbeing of Man; interpreting, correlating and elevating the work of its sister institutions, the seats of government and of law, the school and the hospital, the theatre and the library, the university, the art museum and the exchange.

"I love the mystic in his dreams
When earth a floating bubble seems—
Love, too, the bluff materialist,
Tho there are kingdoms he has missed.
I love soulmen (you ask me why?)
They have a God-hold in the sky.
I love earth-men, they half know God,
They have a God-hold in the sod.
But best I love the two-in-one,
The man who holds both earth and sun—
A man, who, like a tree, has girth
That grapples him to rock-ribbed earth;
And yet a man who, like a tree,
Lifts boughs into the airy sea,
To hear the whispers of the light
And all the wonders of the night.

Great is the man who stands so high
Two worlds are captured by his eye:
He sees these little days of Time
Whirled into a drama, vast, sublime.
Earth has a meaning fine and far
When lighted by a mystic star."

It is my hope to have conveyed to you the immense significance of religion for Humanity as our victory faith and will and to have indicated not only the dignity but the great responsibility of its ministry. The calling for which you are

preparing is at once seen to be an elemental social function, especially in days of unrest and pessimism, when Man's very victories seem to conspire for his ruin and the revelations afforded by science of his minor place in the Universe have dissipated so many of the theological assumptions on which his morale has grown accustomed to feed and grow flabby. Such a crisis gives the calling of the ministry a seriousness of duty it has not felt for a long time, a duty especially incumbent upon those inclined to interpret religion in its full glory and power rather than in one limited aspect. This duty must be done if religion is not to default in its high service as the magnet of Man's compass, the morale of his progress. Mystical religion is today in grave danger of falling entirely into the hands of obscurantists, bigoted, self-interested and mortally opposed to the pre-eminence of science, humanitarianism and social culture in the world today. To expose such errors and to restore the mystical phase of religion to its rightful dignity, purity and helpfulness by the aid of modern psychology is the duty that summons you. On the other hand, the triumphant secularism of the world lacks in many respects vision and consecration. Commerce, the sciences, government and law developed by Man's victory faith and will, are being more and more deflected to serve the profit of the individual rather than the prosperity of humanity; the improverishment and degradation of human life rather than its enrichment and elevation above primitive woe and wrong. To labor with trained intelligence for the consecration of intelligence to the common good; and by every form of persuasion and every art of the imagination to capture the leaders of affairs in the service of the crusade for a victorious humanity in a happy world home is likewise a duty grave, yet thrilling, of the Liberal ministry that unites us.

Worthily to fulfill this two-fold duty of our calling in the new age, we must prepare ourselves with definiteness and devotion. We must live and study to know human nature with large sympathy, merciful judgment and confident trust so that to each faltering brother we may be a burning bush of wisdom and hope. We must become masters of the resources

of modern psycho-therapy, so that we may do what Shakespeare thought could never be done—"minister to a mind diseased and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow." From our own kindled emotions we must learn with moving eloquence to fire the souls of our fellows with a generous enthusiasm and loyal comradeship in Man's gallant fight for survival and sovereignty on this earth. We must discipline our desires and impulses ever to act and speak with humaneness, considerateness, fellow-feeling, so that in us the oneness of humanity may become an ethical as it is a biological fact. We must equip by facts and lucid arguments, and steel to tolerance and patience, our indignation against the poverty and pain and vice and wrong that mock and deny our faith in Man. We must develop with athletic strenuousness every power of body and mind and acquire every technique of approach and appeal within our capacity so that when the day comes for us to speak a crucial word for humanity and truth and freedom, men will stop to hear and decide to follow our dream:

"A dream of man and woman,
Diviner still, but human;
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold."

To you, for this indispensable and noble calling, may religion be not only a field of study, a system of knowledge, a professional technique, but a deep, inexhaustible morale of strength and hope, courage and love. If not such already, it may become so as you earnestly strive in the noblest sense to humanize yourself and to eternalize yourself. For these three years, if never so loyally before or after, I enjoin you to live in the Spirit. Love, righteousness, freedom, progress for man; let these be your mental climate, your Sinai of vision. Then, for eucharistic strength, live in communion with those men and women living or dead who have transcended self and transformed the world by consecration to their fellows. Strive to become in resolution of principle and purpose, in magnanimity of judgment, in spiritual sovereignty over failings and fears worthy of the great Comradeship they have created;

for they are the Word that is made flesh, full of grace and truth; and in their spirit shall your best selfhood and service be found.

The Nature and Culture of the Inner Life*

Robert J. Hutcheon

I shall begin my lecture today by reminding you of Jung's classification of psychological types as introvert and extravert. We must not make our distinction between these types too sharp. If we bisect a straight line and call the right side the extraverts and the left side the introverts, we can readily see, by following the line backward and forward from the point of bisection, that there are many degrees of introversion and extraversion. The extremes are to be found at the two ends of the line but hovering around the centre will be many persons who cannot be easily classed as belonging strictly to either type. The extreme extravert is self-confident, self-expressive, self-assertive, fond of the limelight, free from internal conflicts, ready for action, a natural propagandist, capable of using all the natural channels of emotional expression; but, at the same time, he has very little internal life, is psychically or spiritually impoverished and tends to resist scornfully the effort of his neighbor to develop in him a subjective life. On the other hand, the extreme introvert is a bottled up, shut in, expressionless personality, given to brooding, reflection and dreaming, absorbed in his own spiritual processes, living a solitary life in a world of nebulous fantasies. It is plain from this description of the two types that both extraversion and introversion, when carried to excess, must upset the balance of human nature and land the individual, either in an empty unsatisfying succession of external activities, or in the bog and mist of a self-absorption which has no guide and no goal.

Now it is the verdict of such visitors as Sir Rabindranath Tagore that our tendency in America is to an excessive extraversion, that our lives are directed too exclusively to external

*A lecture delivered at Star Island in July, 1931.

and material objects. In the exchange, the bank, the factory, the construction-camp, the workshop, the store, the laboratory and the fields he finds us alert, buoyant, enterprising and immensely successful. But when he goes with us to our homes, our social gatherings, our studies, our inner chambers, even our churches, he finds us in comparison with Oriental people, empty, uninteresting and spiritually barren. If this verdict is sound, the reason for the condition which it condemns is not far to seek. For reasons that are obvious to those who know our history our interest in business and wealth-making has absorbed a great deal of our thought and ambition. In recent decades this interest has been enormously stimulated by applied science and so has increased the extraversion, which was inevitable in our pioneer days, to a pathological intensity. The application of science to amusements has also encouraged this tendency to extraversion. Millions of Americans depend for their amusement almost entirely on external and artificial agencies. The play impulse, which in the past was the source of so much that was creative and original, finds its main exercise today in a passive response to stimuli that are artificially produced for us by others. Even the political outlook of many is affected by this general tendency towards excessive extraversion and they tend to think that money is power, that political position is power, that a nation has power when it can dominate the economic life of other nations by its possession of half the world's gold supply and that no other kind of power except that of physical force or economic pressure has any real significance in human affairs.

It is my good fortune to find ready to hand a splendid illustration of the power of the inner life and of the moral and spiritual appeal which such a life makes in the career of Mahatma Gandhi in India. And my reference to the so-called "soul-force" of Gandhi will, perhaps, be more effective with you when I say that I am not an ardent supporter of his type of propaganda. But whatever we may think of his political wisdom and even though we may feel compelled to believe that Mr. Gandhi is not indifferent to the world's applause, we cannot deny, and indeed we ought to be glad to recognize, the fact

that by sheer "soul-force" he has compelled the world to pay attention to him. Here is a man without money or official position or family pull or the prestige of immense learning or scientific discovery, who has yet excited the interest of the world, has gathered an immense following in India and England and at least quickened the pace of the British Parliament in its consideration of India's desired reforms. Most of the values for which we have striven so eagerly in America and the Western world — speed, luxury, mechanized industry, applied science, commercialized amusements, etc.—are to him but dust and ashes, and yet he wields a mighty power over the lives of multitudes of men and women because they see in him an embodiment of life-values to which we have become indifferent or have given only lip-service. Einstein as the greatest living example of the scientific interest has secured an immense newspaper publicity and excited a curious admiration even among millions who know nothing of his achievements; but the impress of Gandhi on the world is not only different but more vital, more inward, more significant for our moral and spiritual life. He seems to assure us that, so far as India is concerned, there is such a thing as an inner life and that the individual who develops "soul-force" can exercise immense power over other people.

Now this is a fact that extremely extraverted people find it hard to understand. They bustle about in all sorts of outer activities and then often wonder why other people who *do* so much less should exercise so much more powerful an influence. But the explanation is not far to seek. In the long run it is the inner life that counts. Phillips Brooks counts for more in the religious life of America than T. DeWitt Talmage because he had a deeper, a richer and a more sincere inner life. Emerson will be remembered when much greater scholars than he was are forgotten because he was a much more deeply introverted man than they and spoke from a region of the mind far deeper than that in which mere knowledge is accumulated and organized. Whitman speaks to a wider and wider audience with each new decade because those who have emancipated themselves from theological and philosophical dogma find in

his profound mysticism and his warm human comradeship stimulus, encouragement and hope for their own lives. Lincoln touches the heart of the world more than any other American president, not merely because he was a war-president and a martyr, but because his life, as Professor Stephenson has shown, was fed from very deep springs in his own spiritual nature. As water can never rise higher than its own source, so in the long run we are tested, not merely by our busy activities and our outward successes, but by the subtle, subconscious impact that our minds make upon those in contact with us. Some people have so rich, deep and strong an inner life that we feel their presence without their having spoken. Others are so completely extraverted, have so shallow and insignificant an inner life that they make no impression on us, no matter how much they may talk.

Thus far I have spoken of the inner life in rather general terms. Let us now try to come to closer grips with it. The bane of much writing and talking about spiritual things is that we are content to use vague language that does not suggest to the reader or hearer any definite content of meanings. Just what are the contents of the inner life? To that question let us now address ourselves.

The older psychology was accustomed to study the psychic life of man from three different angles—the cognitive, the emotional or affective and the conative or volitional—and I think we cannot do better than use this old way of approach today. We no longer pretend to be able to discuss the mind and the body in isolation from one another or to divide the mind into faculties but the old-fashioned threefold treatment of the whole personality is still a legitimate and helpful method of study.

(1) The Intellectual Aspect of the Inner Life

To begin with the cognitive or intellectual aspect of the inner life, let me state a conviction that grows stronger and stronger with every year of my teaching activity. No inner life can be rich and strong that lacks a more or less powerful imaginative and thinking activity, or, in other words, fails to

relate, combine and synthesize its observations and experiences into something like a rational and coherent system.

No former generation was ever tempted as we are today to live a scattered and chaotic intellectual life. Even if we never travel far from our own town or city, there rains in upon us a perpetual stream of different and sometimes conflicting impressions and suggestions. A single page of the daily newspaper may flash into our eyes a score of different headlines. If we live in a flat in a great city half a dozen radios may be hammering on our ear-drums at the same time. We cannot escape the importunate announcer even in the restaurant. If we have the means to buy books and magazines, our tables and shelves groan beneath the burden of the publications we are induced to subscribe for. We are lectured at from an ever-increasing number of platforms. If we travel by air, we cross continents in two or three days and catch hurried glimpses of thousands of miles of landscape and hundreds of towns and cities. If we go abroad we do Europe in two or three months. Both when we are at home and when we travel our senses are bombared by a multiplicity of stimuli such as would have made life seem a perfect bedlam to our grandfathers and grandmothers.

Now it need not be denied that there is some value in this persistent storming of our senses by sights and sounds. As the Israelites could not make bricks without straw, so we cannot construct a coherent thought-system unless we have materials to work with. Former generations were often dull and stupid because their senses were starved. They could not travel, they had no libraries or movies or radios or newspapers, they were not stimulated by varying social contacts, and so they "nourished a blind life within the brain." No object can be really known unless it is presented to every sense by which it can be apprehended and there are doubtless millions of people in the slums of our great cities whose senses are inadequately stimulated and who therefore lack the raw materials of a coherent and satisfying intellectual life.

But it is not of such persons that I am now speaking. I am thinking rather of that growing multitude of people who

through reading, the radio, travel and social intercourse are the subjects of a never-ceasing stream of suggestions, ideas, sights, sounds, tastes, smells and kinaesthetic sensations. And what I want to say is that this torrent of sensations and impressions threatens the coherence, integrity and significance of the inner life. Of course no part of our mental life is entirely passive, but we come nearest to such passivity in our sense-experience. We are least original, least our unique selves, when we see and hear and taste and smell and feel, when we are mere spectators of the passing shows of life, when we lie back in the soft cushions and allow our senses to be soothed or tickled or excited by professionals who have brought this art of stimulating the superficial periphery of the human mind to a high degree of perfection. Even if we could remember the major portion of the sights, sounds, suggestions and ideas which are made to pass before us in the swiftly-moving panorama of modern life — which of course we cannot do — such remembrance alone would be of little value. Just as we cannot make cloth by merely spinning the thread but must weave the threads together by means of the loom, so we cannot build up a stable and serviceable body of thought in our inner minds by a mere string of sensational experiences even though they may be very enjoyable while they are taking place or may be well remembered after they are gone. It is not the receptive side of our minds that counts most: if it did, those who travel farthest and go to the movies or listen to the radio most frequently would be our wisest philosophers. Rather it is the relating, combining, synthesizing activity that goes on, consciously or subconsciously, in our deeper mind, that makes us wise. We must do with the raw materials which our senses give us what our bodies do with the various foods we give them, that is, digest or metabolize them. There is such a thing as mental dyspepsia and many people in this overstimulated age suffer from it. A table richly laden with sensory materials is spread before our young but we have not been able to guarantee that the abundant and highly spiced food will be adequately digested.

Now I think we ought to try to correct an impression con-

cerning the thought-process which is widely current today and which is suggested by the phrase—the pain of thought. No doubt thinking is strenuous and exhausting but so is football, hockey, basket-ball, hunting and all the most popular games of the day. And yet these games are attractive, both to the player and the beholder, because the play-impulse—a fundamental factor in our psychological make up—finds ample satisfaction in them. Well! thinking is a sort of game or, if that seems too frivolous a suggestion, it is an art and as such affords the kind of satisfaction to the play-impulse which all arts do. From the activity of the child who builds blocks into a house to the activity of a Herbert Spencer who builds up a verbal scheme of the world-process in a dozen volumes, we witness a great constructive drama in the shaping of which man has gained some of his happiest experiences. An activity is not painful because it is strenuous and exhausting: it is only painful when the play-element does not enter into it. It would be absurd to suppose that the play-element does not enter into the mighty thought-ventures of such a man as Einstein. No joy is more genuine than that of marshalling scattered facts under the banner of some great combining principle. To the person who has once learned to think, it is a sheer pain to have a lot of knowledge lying around in his mind in a scattered and chaotic condition, and when the process of intellectual synthesis begins to get under way and scattered facts get arranged in some rational and usable order, he experiences an inner satisfaction which, while it cannot be compared with the greater passions, is yet an abiding part of his happiness. It would be easy to believe that the most thrilling moment in Darwin's earlier intellectual life was that in which the idea of Natural Selection first flashed into his mind. By many travels and much careful observation he had accumulated a stupendous mass of facts about animal and plant life, but his ultimate quest was not for data but for explanation, for some principle that would enable him to coördinate and synthesize his observations into an intelligible system. The collection of data is an interesting game for the scientist but the real thrill comes when he thinks he has glimpsed a law which will enable

him to relate his data in an orderly way to one another and to other groups of data. According to General Smuts in his *Holism and Evolution* the great game of the universe is the game of Whole-making. Evolution, he affirms, is the process by which the universe is forever generating newer and more complex Wholes. Of these Wholes the highest known to us is human personality and a personality is great only when it is unified, integrated and ordered and controlled from within. Hence when we think, that is, when we relate and synthesize our experiences and interpret them into their meanings, we are playing the universe's greatest game and it would be astonishing if we could not experience real joy in the playing of it.

From all this it follows very obviously that an important part of our task as religious and moral educators is to awaken into happy and exciting exercise this relating, combining, synthesizing activity called thinking. Too much of what we call education concerns itself only with the periphery of the mind. Vivid and abundant sense-experiences and accurate memory are indeed essential and for the accumulation and storing of factual material, travel, the movie and the radio may be very helpful. But our knowledge-life only begins to achieve distinction, uniqueness and inwardness when the process of intellectual synthesis has been set going in our deeper mind. The saints and mystics have always located their most significant experiences in the hidden depths of their souls. Nor is it essentially different with the knowledge-process. The wise man, the original thinker, the creative artist have no less deep-going spiritual processes than the saint and the mystic. The content of the saintly life is no doubt different from the content of the life of the sage, but the lives of both are introverted, personal, self-determined, fed by springs that bubble up from the depths of their own spirits. It is not usual, perhaps, to root the intellectual life so deeply in the mind: we are accustomed to locate it rather in the mere outworks of our psychic being while we reserve the deeper self for religion and morals. But the real combining, relating, synthesizing activity which we call thought or reason must not be so located. It is not

a cold, impersonal, machine-like process but warm, personal and vital just as our love or our sense of beauty are. Whenever the constructive impulse comes into play, life takes on interest, color, movement and radiance and thinking is essentially construction. To interpret the intellectual life in this way is a part of our obligation as liberals. Too long have religious people looked askance at thinkers and investigators as though thought were a mere prosaic secularity. But the deeper thought of man is as inward and personal as his saint-hood and seership and so far as we awaken the thought-process in any individual, we are helping him to the possession and the enjoyment of an inner life.

(2) The Emotional Aspect of the Inner Life

I have made it plain, I hope, that I regard the thinking activity as a genuinely emotional experience and it may, therefore, seem absurd to treat separately the emotional aspect of the inner life. But there are good reasons for so doing. Thinking is only a part of life. It is all-important when we are constructing our ordered world, our institutions, our human relations, our economic activities, our life-programme. But all is not achieved when thought has built a more or less orderly world about us. Our relations with the objects, interests, persons and institutions which constitute our little world may become emotionally stale and arid. Even the mystics complain of dry seasons when the objects which usually excite feeling are powerless to do so. Emotional staleness threatens us all even in our most intimate relations. Husbands and wives, parents and children, teachers and pupils, preachers and congregations, employers and employed, all experience now and then a waning of that emotional interest in one another which constitutes one of the highest joys of life when it is at its flood. The relations may be sustained even when emotional staleness has supervened but they lose their inwardness and their vital thrill. No inner life can be rich and strong without ardent emotional experiences excited by the objects, interests, persons and institutions which make up the setting of our lives.

Matthew Arnold defined religion as "morality touched with emotion." The definition may be inadequate but "touched with emotion" or some equivalent phrase must appear in any adequate definition. Anything "touched with emotion" becomes new and vital. What blood is to the body, what sap is to the tree, that emotion is to the inner life. Emotion may be like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," or a bonfire that blazes up for a moment and is gone, or a mighty conflagration that burns up and destroys or a banked smouldering fire or like the rich golden intense glow of anthracite coal when every trace of blackness has been burned away, but in all its forms it is the evidence and the expression of the vital spark of life. When emotion cannot be kindled in a person's mind by significant events, persons and movements, the inference is inevitable that the inner life is dead even though the body has not yet been buried. Long-continued emotional staleness is a sure sign to us all that the fires of the inner life are going out.

Let us look at a few men, the richness and intensity of whose inner life no one can doubt, in illustration of what I have said about the importance of emotion. Take St. Paul as our first example. It is a misfortune that Paul's letters have been used in the past far more as texts for the theologian than as data for the psychologist, for it is plain to the non-theological reader that what we have in them is not the cool, critical, academic exposition of a theological or ethical system but the more or less unpremeditated expression of convictions about life, religion and destiny that come red-hot "up from the burning core below" of his own passionate, impetuous nature. To picture St. Paul to ourselves as a theologian elaborating a treatise in the quiet of a study is to misconceive his mentality altogether. The reason which displays itself in his greatest passages is what Matthew Arnold called the imaginative reason and the imaginative reason is excited into intense activity only when the emotions are kindled by fresh interests or when the fate of old but dearly cherished interests is in jeopardy. It may be that even Paul had his moments of emotional staleness but there is no evidence of them and his thinking was never abstract for a long enough period of time to throw "the

pale cast of thought'' permanently over his emotions. He speaks to each new generation of religious men and women because his ''message'' was his interpretation of the emotional liberation of life which he himself had experienced in the hour of his conversion. Down to the end of his life his emotional intensity never fails him. He himself declares: ''I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith.'' There are arid passages in his writings where his Rabbinical inheritance shapes his thinking for a moment, but he soon escapes it and we feel once more the deep pulsations of an emotional nature which has committed itself absolutely to the advocacy of values whose worth it cannot question.

Or take a very different but no less convincing example from more modern times,—the poet Wordsworth. Many of us, perhaps, would be happy to acknowledge our deep indebtedness to that rather unpopular poet. For many years I found Wordsworth's poetry the most genuine stimulus to my inner life that I could then use. And when I ask myself what was the source of his power over my mind I always answer in the language of Matthew Arnold:

> ''He found us when the age had bound
> Our souls in its benumbing round;
> He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
> . . . . . .
>
> Our youth returned; for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furled,
> The freshness of the early world.''

The casual reader of Wordsworth may fail to understand the enthusiasm of his devotees, may find him unexciting and without emotional appeal and it is perfectly true that the stormier manifestations of emotion are lacking in him. But in his greater poetry I find the kind of emotion which I have described above as like the intense glow of anthracite coal when all traces of blackness have been burned away and the flame itself has become almost invisible. He has touched to the heart succeeding generations of readers because he has released emotions which are essential to joyful life but which

tend to become crushed or stifled by the utilitarian necessities of a mechanical age and the hard cruelties of a competitive economic system. He has laid us "on the cool flowery lap of earth; he has put the hills around us and made the breeze go o'er the sunlit fields again; where others have taught us how to think and how to dare, he has taught us how to feel and by so doing has acted as a "healing power." In spite of a very imperfect metrical sense and a certain prosaic strain in his personality, he has deepened the inner life of many, many readers because his own deeper soul pulsated to the rhythms of the life of nature and of universal man. For those who know Wordsworth well,

> "A bolt is shot back somewhere in the breast
> And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again."

I might illustrate from other great spirits the significance of emotion as a factor in the inner life but it is hardly necessary here. We know from experience the horrible staleness which comes over life when the objects, persons, situations and institutions which usually stir our feelings cease to do so and we are eager to learn, if we can, how to forestall such staleness. Can it be done? The poet tells us that "we cannot kindle when we will, the fires that in the heart reside" and we shall have to admit the soundness of his judgment. There are no psychological devices by which our emotions can be kept at concert pitch. They must ebb and flow periodically with the ebbing and flowing of our vital energy. But while we must not expect to find such psychological devices, it will help us to remember that the way to generate emotion is to kindle interest in the situations, objects, persons, etc., which have occasioned the mightiest passions of human beings throughout the ages. The great sources of human emotion thus far have been love between the sexes, the parental experience, the experience of patriotism, the mystical experience, the aesthetic experience, th experience of friendship, the passion of discovery, etc. Anything in our life that vulgarizes these experiences or makes us blind to their value or renders them impossible for us will

be reflected in the superficiality of our inner life. The casual, unsentimental, promiscuous sex life which is now advocated by so many; the dwindling of the sentiment which sustained the home; the difficulty of being patriotic in a country where we feel justice does not prevail; the stifling of imagination in an ugly and artificial world; the scorn of mysticism in an age of mechanism and ratiocination;—all these and other aspects of our contemporaneous life set a very difficult problem for moral and religious educators who wish to build up in themselves and in their students the resources of the inner self. But in no age was there ever a greater need for the development of such inner resources than today and our courage and our efforts must correspond with the need.

(3) The Volitional Aspect of the Inner Life

I have tried to show that the inner life, realistically taken, includes the activity of the relating, synthesizing intelligence as well as the pulsation of the emotions that accompany our experience of the great personal and social interests. It may seem to you that the story ought to end there and that any remarks on the volitional side of the inner life are quite uncalled for. With that judgment I cannot agree. While the active side of our life displays itself in the external world, the forces that sustain it are generated in the deeper soul. Few of us can read without a quickening of the pulse that famous passage in Paul's second letter to the Corinthians (Chapter 11:23-29) where the great Apostle enumerates for us his sufferings and labors as a christian missionary. No merely animal and instinctive desires could have sustained such an activity. Nothing short of deep, passionate, permanent convictions, an overwhelming sense of obligation and a quenchless sympathy for mankind could have been adequate to evoke from his body and his mind the energies he expended in his missionary career. He was a stupendous toiler in the world of action because his inner life was constantly fed from the deepest sources from which the human spirit can draw, and

his inner life was healthy and free from excessive self-involvement because it found expression in a satisfactory creative activity in the social world. The inner life not only sustains action, but is tested, normalized and justified by action.

As moral and religious educators, therefore, we must aim at building up the inner life of our pupils for the ends of action as well as of thought and emotion. The inner life is not only something to be enjoyed, something to be cultivated for its own sake—that is the mistaken judgment of many mystically-minded religious people. Besides this, it is a dynamo to supply power to the inevitable activities of social intercourse. The will, though it reveals itself in the outer world, has its roots in the hidden, deeper self. Pause, deliberation, decision are deeply internal movements of the mind. The sense of obligation which alone can sustain unpleasant and unexciting duty is never derived from a superficial imitation of the acts of others,—indeed it is so hidden and mysterious that moral philosophers cannot agree either as to its source or its meaning. Conscience which may be defined as all that pressure on conduct which takes place from within the mind itself is indispensable both for the stimulation and the direction and correction of our outer conduct.

So far, then, as we help conscience and the sense of obligation to be born in the child's mind; so far as we train him to pause when he is not sure of his course, to deliberate concerning the various possibilities of action and to bring his mind to the point of decision; so far as we quicken and feed his social impulses and thus make it easy for him to enter into social relations, we are doing two significant services for him. We are enriching his inner personality, giving it a worthy content, making him more of a human being, and at the same time we are predisposing him to the institutional enterprises of humanity and saving him from that disastrous self-involvement from which men and women with a richly furnished inner life so often suffer when they have no satisfactory outlet for the energy which their inner striving has generated.

(FORM OF BEQUEST)

I give and bequeath unto The Meadville Theological School, located at Woodlawn Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, in the City of Chicago, Illinois, the sum of _____ Dollars.